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# Readings Booklet

## January 2001



# English 33

## Part B: Reading

### Grade 12 Diploma Examination

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January 2001  
**English 33**  
**Part B: Reading**  
**Readings Booklet**  
**Grade 12 Diploma Examination**

*Description*

**Part B: Reading** contributes 50% of the total English 33 Diploma Examination mark.

There are 8 reading selections in the Readings Booklet and 70 questions in the Questions Booklet.

**Time:** This examination was developed to be completed in 2 hours; however, you may take an additional  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour to complete the examination.

Budget your time carefully.

*Instructions*

- Be sure that you have an English 33 Readings Booklet **and** an English 33 Questions Booklet.
- You may **not** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.





I. Questions 1 to 9 in your Questions Booklet are based on this essay.

HOUSEWORK IS OBSOLESCE

It's been such a quiet revolution<sup>1</sup> that you could hear a sock drop on a carpeted floor. Only you probably wouldn't pay any attention if you did.

Because what's one more sock down there among the broken action figures, lost homework papers and fresh kills brought in by the cat? After decades of  
5 unappreciated drudgery, American women just don't do housework anymore—that is, beyond the minimum that is required in order to clear a path from the bedroom to the front door so they can get off to work in the morning.

There should have been a lot more fanfare for such a revolutionary change in the way we live. If Americans suddenly gave up forks and started eating with  
10 their fingers, you can bet that would at least rate the Style section. But Harvard economist Juliet Schor's research shows that women in the U.S. have been eliminating half an hour of housework for every hour they work outside the home—or up to 20 hours a week, which is the equivalent of a 15-m mound of unfolded laundry or a dust ball as large as a house.

Recall that not long ago, in our mother's day, the standards were cruel but clear: every room should look like a motel room, only cleaner under the bed. The floors must be immaculate enough to double as plates, in case the guests prefer to eat doggie-style. The kitchen counters should be clean enough for emergency surgery, should the need at some time arise, and the walls should ideally be sterile.  
20 The alternative, we American girls all learned in Home Economics, is the deadly scorn of the neighbors and probably plague.

For me, the turning point came when I realized that children don't generally eat off of walls. Food may end up on the walls, through processes of propulsion or skillful application with tiny fingers and palms, but once there it is rarely  
25 ingested. And low to the ground as they are, children hardly ever eat off of floors. Actually, a careful review of the eating habits of American children reveals that the only surfaces you have to worry about, plague-wise, are the ones in McDonald's and Pizza Hut.

It had to happen sooner or later, this quiet revolt. Housework as we know it  
30 is not something ordained by the limits of the human immune system. It was invented, in fact, around the turn of the century, for the precise purpose of giving middle-class women something to do. Once food processing and garment manufacture moved out of the home and into the factories, middle-class homemakers found themselves staring uneasily into the void. Should they join the  
35 suffragists?<sup>2</sup> Go out in the work world and compete with the men? "Too many

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>quiet revolution—the writer refers to the changing attitudes toward the roles of women in society

<sup>2</sup>suffragists—early advocates of the extension of civil rights, including women's right to vote

women,” editorialized the *Ladies’ Home Journal* in 1911, “are dangerously idle.”

Enter the domestic-science experts, a group of ladies who, if ever there is a feminist hell, will be tortured eternally with feather dusters. These were women who made careers out of telling other women that they couldn’t have careers because housework was a big enough job in itself. And they were right, since their standard for a well-kept home was one that revealed no evidence of human occupation.

Today, of course, the woman who opts to spend her days polishing banisters is soon likely to find herself in foreclosure.<sup>3</sup> If it’s a choice between having food on the table or floors that are free of organic detritus,<sup>4</sup> most of us choose to go with the food. And since child raising generally works better when children and parents share the same dwelling, there’s no point in striving for the motel look.

We all know, or suspect, that after you eliminate the T-shirt ironing and the weekly changing of sheets, there will still be some biological minimum below which no family dares go. In the meantime, each chore has to be carefully assessed: If you don’t do the toilets, will the children get typhoid? Which is easier anyway—doing all that scrubbing or taking a little time now and then to visit one’s family in the infectious-disease ward?

For any man or child who misses the pristine standards of yesteryear, there is a simple solution—pitch in! Surveys show men doing more than they used to, but nowhere near enough to maintain the old standards. The technology of the vacuum cleaner is challenging, I admit, but not beyond the capacity of the masculine mind.

Or maybe we should just relax and enjoy the revolution. Here was a form of human toil that was said to be immutable and biologically necessary: social convention demanded it, advertisers of household products promoted it, mothers-in-law enforced it. But we cut back drastically, and lo, the kids are as healthy as ever—maybe more so, now that we have a little more time to hang out with them.

How many other forms of “necessary” labor may also turn out to be ritual, designed to keep us homebound and politically passive? Checkbook balancing, for example. Isn’t it time we acknowledged that the bank is always right, and that even when it’s not, it’s bound to win anyway? Or the thankless but conscientious saving of all the invoices from last year’s bills, in case the canceled checks get destroyed in a meteor hit. Are you ever, in the twilight of life, going to ask yourself, “Gee, what did I spend on heating fuel in the winter of ’92?”

It’s even occurred to me, as a teeny little subversive whisper of a thought, that if we stopped mowing the lawn right now, it would probably be a long, long time before the yard ever got overrun by lions and snakes.

Barbara Ehrenreich  
Contemporary American writer

<sup>3</sup>foreclosure—to lose one’s home for non-payment of mortgage

<sup>4</sup>detritus—small fragments



II. Questions 10 to 15 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

**christmas party**

- care-givers bustle between tables  
laying white cloths and bright paper napkins  
covered with red poinsettias  
wheelchairs pushed close together  
5 who is the young woman at the piano  
frosty the snowman was a . . .  
yes coffee please or should she have tea
- where are her family weren't some of them here  
john was here  
10 thumpety thump thump thumpety . . .  
the old one wipes her eyes on the napkin  
with the red poinsettias
- the staff are laughing spreading gaiety  
the short-bread is crisp hurting her gums  
15 where did she leave her dentures  
the napkin is wrinkled  
she smooths the poinsettias with both thumbs
- silent night holy night  
it must be close to christmas  
20 people are leaving john is leaving too  
tears stream down her wrinkled cheeks  
uncontrolled and unashamed while  
her chair is wheeled away
- in her hands she still clings  
25 to a crushed paper napkin  
covered with red poinsettias

*della a. runka*  
Contemporary Canadian poet

III. Questions 16 to 23 in your Questions Booklet are based on this article.

**FOLLOWING THE PATH OF THE HEART**

Andy Russell was fed up. A neighbour's dog had just died after eating from a cow carcass laced with Compound 1080. The deadly poison is intended for coyotes, and for five years Russell had been urging Alberta's provincial and municipal governments to stop using it. It was time to get tough.

10 On a warm spring day, Russell and several neighbours alerted the media before loading 10 dead coyotes into the back of a half-ton truck and heading for Pincher Creek. They arrived while the town councillors were out for lunch, and spread their grisly load on the town hall's front lawn.

20 When the councillors returned, the protestors braced themselves for the anticipated confrontation. To their surprise, council members walked right by as if dead coyotes on the lawn were an everyday occurrence.

Considering the smell, Russell gives them credit for being so unmoved. "The air was so thick, you could have cut it and built a fence," he recalls.

30 As the nonplussed<sup>1</sup> ranchers pondered their next move, the town hall door suddenly burst open. An obviously angry councillor marched out and threatened to have them all thrown in jail.

Perhaps it was Russell's wide grin that made the politician suspicious. Glancing over Andy's shoulder, he found himself staring down the 40 barrel of a TV camera. The council member's jaw slammed shut and he quickly fled back to the sanctuary of the town hall. The publicity had the desired effect, however: within a few days, the use of Compound 1080 was discontinued.

Defending wildlife and wilderness is Russell's passion. Over the years, he has earned an international 50 reputation as a film-maker, lecturer and author who delights environmentally concerned citizens with his hard-hitting "unvarnished truths" about irresponsible government and industry actions.

But Russell defies simple classification as an environmentalist. In fact, it annoys him to be called one, for he's a hunter as well as a wildlife defender. Tying 60 together these two apparently contradictory roles is his philosophy about the proper relationship between man and nature.

In the solitude of the mountains, Russell has done plenty of thinking about that. He believes that wild animals have a right to live and that we are inseparably linked to them. 70 But to the former outfitter and

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>nonplussed—completely puzzled



guide, that doesn't rule out hunting; it only means our actions should be imbued with respect and care.

80 "Once wild animals lived without us. Now they must live with us. For our own good, may we prove the superior wisdom we claim is ours by finding a way to make this possible," he says. With the right attitude, Russell believes hunting can re-affirm the connection between humans and other life forms.

Born in 1915, Russell grew up on his parent's ranch near Waterton Lakes National Park in the extreme southwest corner of Alberta. As children, he and his brothers roamed the mountains on foot and on  
90 horseback. Leaving to attend junior high school in Lethbridge didn't come easy.

Despite scholastic success, the teenager missed his family and the mountains he left behind. When he became ill in grade 11, Russell quit school and went back home.

For the next five years, he made a living trapping during the winter,  
100 and helping with the ranch during the summer. Then, at 21, Russell made an important decision. He went to work for Bert Riggall, internationally known outfitter and guide, as a bronc-buster and packer.

From Riggall, he learned photography; and the camera taught him to appreciate hunting without a gun too. By the time Russell took

110 over the business in 1946, he had been published in *Outdoor Life* and *Natural History Magazine*.

It was just as well he developed new skills because a decade later, the outfitting business was in trouble. Oil and gas extraction and logging were destroying the wilderness he depended on.

During the same time, Canadian  
120 and American business interests supported a proposal to construct a road from Waterton Lakes National Park to Kalispel, Montana over the Akimina Pass. Aware of the value of the Akimina-Kishenina region as habitat for the grizzly bear, Russell prepared for a fight. He believed the proposal's supporters might be dissuaded if they experienced the  
130 wild beauty of the region firsthand.

With a packtrain of 50 horses, Russell took business representatives from the communities of Lethbridge, Fernie, Pincher Creek and Crowsnest Pass to a camp on the Flathead River. Among the American  
140 representatives who met them at the camp were the chief ranger and superintendent of Glacier National Park and the governor of Montana.

During an evening campfire, Russell made his pitch. Instead of a road through the Akimina-Kishenina region, he suggested a more scenic route southwest from Waterton townsite along the lake, over Boulder Pass in Glacier

*Continued*

150 National Park, and out Kintla Creek  
to West Glacier.

When the American park  
superintendent objected that the US  
area was wilderness and couldn't be  
disturbed, Russell retorted "But  
you're perfectly willing to see  
Canadian wilderness destroyed."\*

160 No stranger to controversy or a  
good fight, Russell turned to film-  
making and writing full-time to  
make his case for conservation. In  
1960, he returned to Akimina-  
Kishenina, and dedicated the next  
three years to filming grizzlies. To  
help finance the film's production,  
he wrote a book, *Grizzly Country*.

170 The bears not only provided  
incredible footage and inspiration,  
they taught him some of the finer  
points of wildlife etiquette. "You  
don't spend three years filming  
grizzlies without learning  
diplomacy," he says, "especially  
when you don't carry a gun."

180 In the late 1960s, using his film  
on grizzlies as an attraction, Russell  
tackled some big issues. In Alberta,  
he barnstormed the province  
opposing large-scale water  
diversions to the United States. In  
BC, he attacked irresponsible  
logging. The feisty ex-outfitter also  
fought for more protection of  
national parks.

Most recently, Russell has been  
involved in the battle to save the  
Oldman River in southwestern

190 Alberta from being dammed. As a  
life-long friend of the river, Andy  
has spent many hours before  
television cameras, reporters'  
microphones and audiences  
crammed into halls, denouncing the  
project as ecological and economic  
folly.

His latest book, *Life of a River*,  
concludes with a compelling plea  
for the preservation of the Oldman  
River. "At the very least, this book  
will serve to show those who follow  
us . . . that some of us cared, and  
really tried to make them inheritors  
of a natural wonder and not just  
survivors of the brutish greed and  
ignorance of those who thought they  
could improve on nature."

210 It's little wonder that government  
and industry representatives become  
as nervous as chickens being eyed  
by a hawk when Russell gets  
involved in an issue. He challenges  
people to examine their basic  
beliefs: equally important, he's a  
person who acts on his.

220 "There is always plenty to do  
because government and industry  
never stop adding to problems  
involving the degradation of the  
land," he says. "People need to  
stand up and be counted. It takes  
courage and caring to do so, but no  
government or industry can resist  
this sort of pressure."

Many years ago, Russell faced a  
critical spiritual test of his own.

*Continued*

\*to date, the proposed highway opposed by Russell has not been constructed



Then, corny as it sounds, he hugged a tree. “Suddenly,” he says in his memoirs, “I became aware of an energy flowing into me from the tree, a power that spread into every part of my body. It completely cleansed me of any doubts and self-recrimination, and my path was as

clear as spring water.”

Each of us has his own path to follow. To find it, we need only learn to listen to ourselves.

Perhaps, Andy Russell’s greatest contribution is the inspiration he gives us to take up the search, and to defend what we believe is right.

*Rick Searle*

Contemporary Canadian writer who has written numerous articles on issues relating to Canada’s National Parks

- IV. Robin is preparing a Social Studies report on responsible citizenship. Read the first draft of Robin's report on Andy Russell who, because of his strong beliefs, has called attention to important environmental issues. Carefully note Robin's revisions, and answer questions 24 to 30 in your Questions Booklet.

### *Take A Stand*

I have always had a lot of respect for people, such as Andy Russell, who stand up for what they believe. In an article called "Following the Path of the Heart," writer Rick Searle explains how Andy Russell combines what seem to be total opposites—being a hunter and being an environmentalist. The story of this

5 Albertan, who is equally at home carrying a gun on a mountain trail, using a camera in grizzly country, or attending a rally opposing the damming of a river, caused me to reconsider my views on environmental issues.

I cannot help but think that Russell is fortunate to have such strongly held beliefs. Perhaps the experiences of his youth helped him develop an understanding of

10 animals and a respect for their habitat. It seems natural for him to have become a defender of the wildlife and the wilderness that he loves and adores. Although I have opinions about animals and the environment, I have not done anything about them.

Consider, for example, the controversy about hunting. I can accept that people

15 need to hunt animals for food, but ~~for the life of me~~, I do not understand why they would hunt for sport. <sup>It</sup> ~~it~~ just doesn't seem to be a fair contest to me. I am told, however, that the government controls the number of animals killed each hunting season by setting quotas and selling licences. It would then seem that hunting does not threaten animal populations. Maybe most hunters have the

*Continued*



20 “right attitude” that Russell believes helps them “re-affirm the connection between humans and other life forms.” I hope so, but I will continue to go hiking, golfing, or camping to experience my harmony with nature.

*Although I believe that we should protect the environment, I also want to see*  
~~As well, I just don't know for sure how much protection of the environment is a~~  
~~our province prosper.~~  
~~good thing.~~ The issue becomes complex when I consider that it is equally as

25 important for people to have vacation spots, jobs, and places to live as it is for animals to have homes. I respect Andy Russell for attempting to protect wildlife and preserve the wilderness by opposing certain projects. In fact, I am against turning our parks into privatized amusement areas and am not certain that it is wise to allow coal-mining companies to carve up the land near national parks.

30 On the other hand, I want to be a productive citizen. I hope that there is a way for my generation. To enjoy nature, build homes, and find work without sacrificing the environment.

I am glad that I read Rick Searle's article. Andy Russell is an <sup>*admirable*</sup> ~~interesting~~ man  
<sup>^</sup>  
~~who~~  
~~which~~ has the courage to stand up for his beliefs. As well, reading about  
<sup>^</sup>

35 Russell's actions caused me to examine my views on living in harmony with the environment. I know that I will never hunt wild animals. I hope that I will have the courage to demand that government and industry take responsible action to safeguard the environment.

V. Questions 31 to 41 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a novel.

*The novel The Stone Diaries is the story of Daisy Flett's life. Daisy's niece, Beverly, makes a surprise visit to Daisy and her three children in Ottawa. The visit occurs in the late 1940s, and the letter that closes this excerpt is found 40 years later when Daisy moves to a senior citizens' rest home.*

from THE STONE DIARIES

At the edge of every experience is the refracted light of recollection, snagged there like an image in a beveled mirror.<sup>1</sup>

Alice, bossy, excited, takes the lead in these acts of retrieval, and Warren and Joan fill in, confirming, reinforcing, inventing too. They shudder with the heat of their own dramas, awestruck by the doubleness of memory, the hold it has on them, as mysterious as telephone wires or the halo around the head of the baby Jesus. Memory could be poked with a stick, savored in the mouth like a popsicle, you could never get enough of it.

And remember when Cousin Beverly came to visit? In the end they always come around to Cousin Beverly's visit, a visit that occurred in the distant past, a year ago, perhaps even two years ago.

No one knew she was coming. She just arrived one autumn afternoon wearing her WREN<sup>2</sup> uniform, just rang the doorbell, the front door, and said, "Well, hello there, I'm your Cousin Beverly from Saskatchewan."

Of course they'd heard of Beverly, one of six girl cousins—Juanita, Rosalie, Arleen, Lillian, and Daphne were the others. They lived in a place called Climax, Saskatchewan. Their mother was Aunt Fan who was married to Uncle Andrew who was their father's brother, a pastor in the Baptist Church. Every year Mrs. Flett, the children's mother, makes up a big Christmas parcel for the Saskatchewan cousins—a new board game, flannelette nightgowns, wool gloves, a large round fruitcake—and always, when she's attaching the little name cards she shakes her head and says, "That family, they never seem to get ahead."

And now here was Beverly, all grown up—the Flett children hadn't expected that. She perched in the middle of the chesterfield and drank a cup of tea. "This is delicious," she said to her aunt in a cheerful forthcoming voice, as though they knew each other well and often sat together drinking tea like this. Alice and Warren perched on either side of her. (Where was their father that afternoon? In

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>beveled mirror—an expensive mirror of thick glass, the edges cut at angles

<sup>2</sup>WREN—Women's Royal Navy, a British service that many women joined in the Second World War



Toronto probably, or Montreal—he was always, it seemed, stepping aboard a train and disappearing for a few days.)

30 Cousin Beverly's WREN hat sat neatly on her hair, but they could see that she had short curls all over her head, probably a permanent wave or else naturally curly like Shirley Temple.<sup>3</sup> She'd just come back from England where she'd been "right in the thick of things." She laughed loudly when she said that, about being in the thick of things. "Oh boy," she said, still laughing, "did we ever get our eyes  
35 opened up."

She let Alice try on her hat. It had to be put on with bobby pins, but she didn't mind a bit, going to the bother. "Hey, you look pretty cute," she told her, "a real living doll."

40 "Did you save any lives?" Warren asked her. He whispered it the first time and then had to say it again, louder.

Right away she laughed. "Well, I guess I saved my own skin a couple of times." Was this a wisecrack? Alice wasn't sure.

But Cousin Beverly's face suddenly lost its wisecracking look. She went sad for a few minutes, telling them about the soldiers on D-Day, flying missions in the  
45 darkness, dropping bombs on the enemy. Then she told them about an airman shot down over the English Channel. . . .

They could have listened to Cousin Beverly talk about the war all day, but their mother interrupted. "Tell me how your parents are doing," she said. "And your sisters back home." And then she said, "Now when exactly does your train  
50 leave? We want to make sure you get down to the station in plenty of time."

Afterwards Alice couldn't stop thinking about Cousin Beverly. Cousin Beverly's visit kept running through her mind like a movie. Her beauty. Her curls. . . . Her short-skirted WREN uniform, her quick yelp of laughter, the way she shrugged her neat little shoulders. . . . Cousin Beverly was someone in  
55 possession of terrible stories, but still she managed to walk around in the world and be cheerful and smart. She'd arrived unannounced, just marched down their street and rang their doorbell and said: here I am. But in no time at all—an hour or two—she was gone. ("So long, kids. See ya in the movies.") How far away was Saskatchewan? Alice, lying in her bed at night, seems to hear the continuous  
60 drone of great distances, a vibrating emptiness. She imagines that she can smell a rolling wave of Saskatchewan air, a smell of spice and cold.

"Is Cousin Beverly ever going to come back?" Alice asked her mother once. For some reason it took her a long time to work up to this topic.

"I wouldn't put my money on it," Mrs. Flett said slowly.

*Continued*

<sup>3</sup>Shirley Temple—an American child movie star of the 1930s and 1940s who had curly hair

65        “Isn’t she wonderful,” Alice breathed.  
      “Well,” Mrs. Flett said finally, “She’s got plenty of oomph<sup>4</sup> anyway.” Saying  
this, she cast her eyes upward like someone trying to remember the end of an old  
story, and then she let out a long sigh.  
      When Alice looks into that sigh, or around it, she understands that there’s  
70 something chastening<sup>5</sup> about the sound, and also something withheld, some vital  
piece of information that is being kept back until “she’s old enough.” Nightmare,  
shame, revelation, judgment, the strain of failure—all this lies ahead for her. She  
can’t bear to think about the future. It’s like concentrating on your own breath:  
once you start thinking about the air rushing in and out of your body, your breath  
75 has a way of getting stuck in your throat so that you understand how easy it would  
be to fall down and die.

*A Letter Folded in Mrs. Flett’s Dresser Drawer*

Dear Daisy,

      This is to let you know that our girl Beverly arrived home yesterday  
80 afternoon after her long train journey, the train was crowded with servicemen all  
going home and then the heating went on the blink just outside Winnipeg so that  
she caught herself the most awful cold, a runny nose and a real bad sore throat. I  
have to tell you her feelings were hurt just terribly by the way she was treated at  
your home, not asked to stay for supper or offered a bed for the night, just given  
85 the bum’s rush, that’s how she felt anyways. Maybe if her uncle had been there  
things would have gone different, who knows. If only she’d taken the morning  
train she might not have ended up sick like she is. She just can’t understand it,  
thinking you’d be happy as can be to meet your niece from the West that you’d  
never laid eyes on before and who has served her Country. Her dad and I can’t  
90 understand it either, maybe manners are different in the East than out here where  
we welcome one and all.

Sincerely, your sister-in-law,  
Fan Flett

*Carol Shields*  
Canadian novelist and poet  
Winner of the Governor-General’s Award  
and the Pulitzer Prize for *The Stone Diaries*

<sup>4</sup>oomph—abundance of energy

<sup>5</sup>chastening—correcting or restraining with the intention to improve



**VI. Questions 42 to 52 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a play.**

**from ODD JOBS**

CHARACTERS:

TIM ARENDS—an unemployed welder in his late twenties

GINETTE—Tim’s wife, a telephone receptionist working at Sears

MRS. PHIPPS—Tim’s neighbour, a retired mathematics professor in her seventies

*At the beginning of the play, TIM ARENDS loses his job as a welder in an Edmonton factory; he is replaced by a machine. He decides to look for other [types of] employment but finds that, without high school matriculation, he is generally underqualified. One day, out of a desire to be useful and to make some money, he offers to look after his neighbor’s yard.*

*TIM’s neighbour MRS. PHIPPS . . . is having a difficult time coming to terms with old age and with a mind that drifts off, occasionally, to relive the distant past. She is still capable, in lucid<sup>1</sup> moments, of explaining Standell’s theorem,<sup>2</sup> but she is alarmed by her propensity to act irrationally—earlier in the play, she reports that she awoke one morning to find herself lying in a ditch next to the freeway.*

*The following scene occurs after dinner, in the Arennds home. MRS. PHIPPS and TIM have become friends, and he begins to feel a responsibility to help her through the difficulties she is experiencing. . . .*

*(Country music. MRS. PHIPPS and GINETTE are listening. . . .)*

15 MRS. PHIPPS (After a while): You really like this, do you?

GINETTE: Love it.

MRS. PHIPPS: I don’t know. It’s too . . . SOMETHING for me.

GINETTE: You ever been Done Wrong, Mrs. Phipps?

MRS. PHIPPS: Done What?

20 GINETTE: Wrong. Country music is for people who been Done Wrong.

MRS. PHIPPS: Oh. Well obviously I haven’t.

GINETTE: Well I have. I thought I was marrying a cowboy. And look what I got.  
The Galloping Gourmet.

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>lucid—mentally sound; clear thinking

<sup>2</sup>theorem—a mathematical rule or relationship

MRS. PHIPPS: Is he still in the kitchen?

25 GINETTE: Still in the kitchen. He's been in there all day.

*(Pause. Music plays. GINETTE and MRS. PHIPPS listen, mellow.)*

MRS. PHIPPS *(After a pause)*: Did you really?

GINETTE: Hmm?

MRS. PHIPPS: Think you were marrying a cowboy.

30 GINETTE: I did. Well that's what I came to Alberta to do. And Tim seemed like the real thing. He had a foam rubber Stetson and a belt-buckle so big he couldn't sit down. *(Pause.)* I remember I met him at Danny Hooper's. Where I'd gone to meet cowboys. He told me he had a 25-acre spread just outside of town. And an Eldorado Cadillac with a pair of bull-horns mounted  
35 on the grille. I didn't believe him of course. But I did a little bit. If you know what I mean. *(Pause.)* Anyway. That's how I got all my records. When it turned out he wasn't a cowboy, he started buying me cowboy records instead. Ronnie Milsap. Merle Haggard. The Burritto Brothers, they were popular then. I have exactly 442 cowboy records! No! Four hundred and forty-SIX,  
40 if you count the boxed set as four. *(Wry smile.)* My sisters still think I'm married to a cowboy. So what. I just let them dream.

MRS. PHIPPS: It sounds like it runs in your family.

GINETTE: I guess so. Or maybe I was just dumber than I am now. *(Pause.)*

45 MRS. PHIPPS: I came out into the yard yesterday and your husband was dressed up in Wendell's old climbing gear. The old flannel shirt, the pick, the rope slung over his shoulder. I hadn't seen any of it in years. I just dragged it all into the garage the day after his funeral, locked it up and threw the key on top of the china cabinet. I must say he looked grand. I gave his cap a little pull. That's what I used to do for Wendell, give the brim a little tug for good luck.

50 GINETTE: Well, you should have given him the boot and sent him home.

MRS. PHIPPS: Hmm?

GINETTE: All the time he spends at your place.

MRS. PHIPPS: I hope you don't mind?

GINETTE: Mrs. Phipps. I'm just glad he gets up in the morning.

55 MRS. PHIPPS: Ah.

GINETTE: TIM! IF YOU'RE SERVING DESSERT LET'S DO IT BEFORE SUNDAY! *(To MRS. PHIPPS.)* That ought to get him. He hates it when I yell.  
*(TIM enters with dessert.)*

60 TIM: Hold yer horses, hold yer horses. Good food takes time. *(Handing out desserts.)* One for you. And one for you. If you don't like it, pretend like you do.

GINETTE: What is it?

*Continued*

TIM: Raspberry Frappe.  
 (GINETTE and MRS. PHIPPS *groan*.)

65 What's the matter?  
 GINETTE: Raspberries!  
 TIM: What about 'em?  
 MRS. PHIPPS: I think we've been raspberried out.  
 TIM: Well I tell ya what, I only got six or seven jars left. Then I'm movin' into  
 70 apples. Flo says the Macs are comin' in.  
 GINETTE: Who's Flo?  
 TIM: She's the store manager at the Safeway.  
 MRS. PHIPPS: Where DOES he find the time to do all this?  
 TIM: Time is all in your head, Mrs. Phipps. See, that's the thing I'm learnin'.  
 75 You got time for whatever you want to have time for. (*Beat*.) Well hey!  
 Couple of pretty fillies like you. Watcha say we get in the Oldsmobile and  
 hit the town?  
 GINETTE: And do what?  
 TIM: I dunno. Go drinkin', dancing.

80 MRS. PHIPPS: We could get started on your math lessons tonight.  
 GINETTE: What math lessons?  
 MRS. PHIPPS: His math lessons. I'm going to help him out.  
 TIM (*Quickly*): Yeah, we could do that Mrs. Phipps, uh, why doncha finish up yer  
 frappe there, there we go. Make some room for a second helping. (*Eating*.)  
 85 Yea, y'know the thing is you gotta put in just the right amount of brandy.  
 First time I tried it, that was all you could taste. (*Pause*.) Tell you what,  
 Ginette, you go get the cards and we'll get a round of Crazy Eights happenin'  
 here.  
 GINETTE: Oh! Crazy Eights! I hate that game!

90 MRS. PHIPPS: I've never played it.  
 GINETTE: Tim LOVES it.  
 TIM: I don't LOVE it. I just happen to be very good at it.  
 GINETTE: That's Tim's idea of a good Friday night. Sitting down and beating me  
 at cards.

95 TIM: Yeah, that's right. Take all 'er money off 'er. 'Course I have to give it back  
 next morning, eh, so's she can buy me my Wheaties.  
 GINETTE: Ha!  
 TIM: Go on, Ginette, go get the cards.  
 GINETTE: I can't.

100 TIM: I won't beat ya.  
 GINETTE: I packed them.

*Continued*



MRS. PHIPPS: You packed them?  
GINETTE: Yes. I wanted to get the small stuff done first.  
MRS. PHIPPS: Are you . . . going somewhere?  
105 GINETTE (*Confused*): YES. To REGINA, Mrs. Phipps.  
MRS. PHIPPS: Oh. For how long?  
(*Beat.*)  
GINETTE: Tim—  
TIM: Uh, yeah, listen, we can talk about that tomorrow. Why don't I go get the  
110 cards? Oh yeah. I can't . . . do that.  
(*Pause.*)  
GINETTE: You didn't tell her?  
TIM: Leave it, Ginny, just leave it.  
MRS. PHIPPS: Tell me what?  
115 GINETTE: Mrs. Phipps, Tim and I are MOVING to Regina. I got a job there, I  
thought you knew.  
MRS. PHIPPS: Oh. Oh yes. Regina. I see.  
TIM: You just had to do that, huh Ginny?  
GINETTE: Tim didn't tell you?  
120 TIM: YOU JUST HAD TO DO THAT, HUH?  
MRS. PHIPPS: Oh well yes he TOLD me! He TOLD me, of course! I just meant to  
say—WHEN are you going? I knew you were going, of course, but WHEN are  
you going, that's what I need to know.  
TIM: It's all right, Mrs. Phipps.  
125 MRS. PHIPPS: Because I'll have to make plans, you see, I'll have to make some  
plans—  
TIM: MRS. PHIPPS, IT'S ALL RIGHT.  
MRS. PHIPPS: Because Regina is a very lovely city, Regina is where . . . yes,  
that's right. Regina is where Wendell goes all the time, on conferences. I've  
130 never been there myself, but he tells me about it, he knows all the Indians  
there, or something, they've made him an honorary Indian chief, I think.  
(*Pause.*) I think it's Regina.  
GINETTE: I'll get her coat.  
TIM: Ginny—  
135 GINETTE: I think you should go home now, Mrs. Phipps.  
TIM: She'll be all right. Now we're finishing our dessert and then we'll—  
GINETTE: Let go of me—  
TIM: I'm not—  
GINETTE: LET GO OF ME! I DON'T WANT YOUR . . . DESSERT! (*Pause.*) Why  
140 didn't you tell her?  
TIM: I don't know.

*Continued*

GINETTE: Because you thought I would—

TIM: BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW, MAYBE I'LL GO THERE, MAYBE I WON'T. MAYBE  
YOU'LL GO THERE, MAYBE I'LL STAY HERE. I don't KNOW yet, so how can I  
145 tell her when I don't even know?

GINETTE: You don't know yet.

TIM: No.

GINETTE: Well you rented the . . . U-Haul.

150 TIM: I KNOW I rented the U-Haul, because I THOUGHT I was going, but how can I  
go, LOOK AT HER, HOW CAN I GO? So you go, I'll stay here, and I'll come later, or  
something like that, WHAT THE HELL CAN I DO? WHADDA YOU WANT ME TO DO?  
(Pause.) So you go. And I'll come later. C'mon MRS. PHIPPS, your coat is in the  
hall. (Pause.)

GINETTE: You want me to tell them no, don't you?

155 TIM: I'm telling you nothing.

GINETTE: You want me to go to Sears and tell them it was all a big mistake.  
"Please Mrs. Gibbons, can I still answer phones for you, and listen to angry  
people all day, and listen to people call me a . . .?" It makes me SICK, it makes me  
SICK that job, I go in and just the sound of a phone is enough to make me ill. And  
160 you want me to stay? Well you can go to hell. Because I'm not staying in a job  
like that. (Pause.)

MRS. PHIPPS: Clo? Chloe? Come out and look at the sun. Do you have your  
camera, Chloe? It's just starting to rise. (Pause.) Daisy's Dragon. Hiberian  
Fireweed. No, a One-eyed Jack's Purse, I think. That's what it is. (Pause.)

165 Ten. To the power of two. To the power of 13. To the power of 29. (Pause.)  
Oh. Oh! Now! Perfect! Now! Oh, the sun! Did you get it Chloe? Did you  
bring your camera? LOOK at it Chloe! The sun! The sun!

(MRS. PHIPPS *spreads her arms, as if to embrace the light. She presses her palms  
to her face, then opens her arms wide again, as if to soak up the light. She stands  
170 there with her arms open.* TIM and GINETTE watch.)

*Frank Moher*

Alberta playwright whose plays have  
been produced around the world. He currently  
instructs dramatic writing on Vancouver Island.

VII. Questions 53 to 58 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

BLUEBONNETS

I lay down by the side of the road  
in a meadow of bluebonnets,<sup>1</sup> I broke  
the unwritten law of Texas. My brother

<sup>1</sup>bluebonnets—*fields of flowers that bloom after early spring rain*

5 was visiting, he'd been tired, afraid of  
his tiredness as we'd driven toward Bremen,  
so we stopped for the blue relatives

of lupine, we left the car on huge feet  
we'd inherited from our lost father,  
our Polish grandfather. Those flowers

10 were too beautiful to only look at;  
we walked on them, stood in the middle  
of them, threw ourselves down,

crushing them in their one opportunity  
to thrive and bloom. We lay like angels  
15 forgiven our misdeeds, transported

to azure<sup>2</sup> fields, the only word for  
the color eluded me—delft,<sup>3</sup> indigo,  
sapphire, some heavenly word you might

<sup>2</sup>azure—*sky blue*

<sup>3</sup>delft—a dark blue and white glazed  
pottery, originating in Delft, the  
Netherlands

20 speak to a sky. I led my terrestrial<sup>4</sup> brother  
there to make him smile, and this  
is my only record of the event.

<sup>4</sup>terrestrial—*relating to or typical of country life or country people*

We took no pictures, we knew no camera  
could fathom that blue. I brushed  
the soft spikes, I fingered lightly

25 the delicate earthly petals, I thought,  
This is what my hands do well  
isn't it, touch things about to vanish.

Gail Mazur

Contemporary American poet

Author of four books of poems and the recipient of many literary awards.



**VIII. Questions 59 to 70 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a book.**

*The narrator of this excerpt is a worker at the General Motors plant in Flint, Michigan.*

**from RIVETHEAD: TALES FROM THE ASSEMBLY LINE**

I was assigned to the Cab Shop, an area more commonly known to its inhabitants as the Jungle. Lifers had told me that on a scale from one to ten—with one representing midtown Pompeii<sup>1</sup> and ten being then GM Chairman Roger Smith's summer home—the Jungle rates about a minus six.

- 5 It wasn't difficult to see how they had come up with the name for the place. Ropes, wires and assorted black rubber cables drooped down and entangled everything. Sparks shot out in all directions—bouncing in the aisles, flying into the rafters and even ricocheting off the workers' heads. The noise level was deafening. It was like some hideous unrelenting tape loop of trains having sex. I realized instantly that, as far as new homes go, the Jungle left a lot to be desired.

I had been forewarned. As our group was being dispatched at various drop points throughout the factory, the guy walking beside me mumbled about our likely destination. "Cab Shop," the prophet said. "We're headed for Cab Shop." Perplexed, I wondered if this meant we would be building taxis.

- 15 Soon, all but two rookies had been planted—the prophet and me. We took a dark elevator upstairs and, when the gate opened, the prophet let out a groan. We stood at the foot of the Jungle. We were doomed. There could be no exceptions.

- "Here you are, boys—the Cab Department," our overseer spoke. "In this area you are advised to wear clothing made from a nonflammable fabric. Also, you will need to purchase a pair of steel-toed work boots, available at fair cost in the shoe store next to the workers' cafeteria." He grinned. "Good luck, boys," he said and walked away.

- A pudgy, slick-dressed guy directed us down the line toward our job setups. This was Brown, our foreman. As we tagged along behind him, the workers paused to give us the razz. We were fresh blood, ignorant meat. "Turn around before it's too late," someone shouted. "Hey, Brown, let 'em hang tailgates," another chimed in.

- Our foreman stopped next to a big red-haired guy and a man in a filthy welder's cap. He pointed at me and informed me that I would be replacing the guy in the welder's cap. The guy seemed elated. "It's about time you got me outta here." The guy in the welder's cap looked at me and smiled. He had very

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>Pompeii—Roman city destroyed by the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius in 79 A.D.

few teeth. "My name's Gary and this is Bud," he said, pointing to the big redhead. "You'll love it here, just love it." Both of them laughed.

35 It turned out that my fellow rookie would be working directly across from me. His name was Roy and he'd come to Flint from Oklahoma to live with his brother and find work in the factory. It seemed like an awfully long haul just to wind up in this dreaded Jungle. Anyway, I felt glad for his presence. Having a greenie like myself across the line could only help during this assimilation process.

40 For the entire shift, I was asked to do nothing but stand back and examine how Gary performed his job. I was told that I would have three days to learn the job and then it would be all mine. Always the pessimist, I asked Gary what happened if after three days were up I still didn't have a handle on the job. "Then they give you the Van Slyke shuffle." He chuckled. Van Slyke was the street the  
45 factory was located on.

"I'll have it down in a day," I told Gary. "I've seen enough of the street."

Gary and Bud worked their jobs together. They combined them so that one of them was working while the other guy sat out and read the paper or did a crossword. I figured the job couldn't be too difficult if one of them had the time  
50 to complete both jobs while the other guy lagged around doin' nothin'.

This form of combo workmanship was termed "doubling-up," a time-honored tradition throughout the shop that helped alleviate much of the boredom. Bud assured me that once I got my job down at a steady pace, he would teach me his job and we could survive much easier with a double-up arrangement. I nodded  
55 hesitantly, wanting only to conquer one detail at a time.

At the end of my first shift, I walked out of the lot with Roy. His martyr's grumble about bein' stashed in the Cab Shop had quickly vanished.

Our jobs were identical—to install splash shields, pencil rods and assorted screws with a noisy air gun in the rear ends of Chevy Blazers and Suburbans. To  
60 accomplish this, we worked on a portion of the line where the cabs rose up on an elevated track. Once the cabs were about five feet off the ground, Roy and I ducked inside the rear wheel wells. Standing across from each other in those cramped wheel wells always reminded me of the two neighbors in the Right Guard<sup>2</sup> commercial who met every morning in their communal medicine cabinet.  
65 "Hi, guy! Care for a scoop of sealer on that pencil rod?"

Within a shift and a half, I had already conquered my new job. The foreman turned Gary loose and I was on my own. After I fastened down my required parts with my air gun, Bud jumped into the wheel well with his bulky spot-welder and zapped the truck bed and wheel well together. Sparks flew out in these crazy

*Continued*

<sup>2</sup>Right Guard—a type of anti-perspirant. The commercial referred to here featured a medicine cabinet that opened between the bathrooms of adjoining apartments.



70 curvatures and danced to dust. Tiny clicking explosions dash-dotted the atmosphere like some jumpy Morse code. It was sorta like Nam<sup>3</sup> without the Motown<sup>4</sup> soundtracks and mosquito netting.

Bud introduced me to some of the nearby workers. There was Dan-O, the resident prankster, who mig-welded the truck beddings. He constantly chewed  
75 cigars.

Another was a guy they called Bob-A-Lou. He had this gleaming crew cut and a belly that hung halfway to his knees. Bob-A-Lou worked down the line a bit and it was fairly obvious that whatever he did involved some heavy-duty welding. His T-shirt was dotted with a few thousand burn holes and his forearms  
80 were a road map of tiny pink scabs. Bob-A-Lou had a voice like Andy Devine<sup>5</sup> and it was funny to hear him gripe about something. The guy never cursed. “By golly, men, it’s a steamer in here today. I wish those goldarn fans would kick out a little more air.” I liked Bob-A-Lou right off.

By the end of my first week on the job, Bud was already pestering me to  
85 double-up jobs with him. I was uneasy about the offer. Doubling-up with Bud meant that I would have to learn how to navigate his fire-breathing spot-welder. I had my reservations about coming within ten feet of that flaming albatross.

It wasn’t an easy task. First you had to yank the machine down a large pulley and position the two tips of the welder in between the truck bed and the wheel  
90 well. Once you had it situated, you dragged it over to the right corner of the wheel well and began firing the trigger. Every inch or two you smacked out a weld—ideally, twenty-four welds per truck. All the while, sparks would be sprayin’ all over the place. When a job was completed, you jerked the spot-welder free, stood back and let it bounce back up the pulley.

I gave it a try. I tugged. I groped. I strained in anger. I couldn’t get the damn thing to budge more than a half inch every cycle. I ended up putting about fifty-five welds in the wheel well. Someone out there was gonna have a right rear  
95 wheel well toasted to the crisp. The sparks were gobbling me. They came pouring down on my head, sizzling what was left of my sparse crop of hair.

100 Finally, I had dragged the welder down so far out of the normal path that I was halfway into the next guy’s area. He stood there waiting to weld on his splash shield. He didn’t look pleased at all. Just before I was convinced he was gonna jab me with the red tip of his mig-welder, Bud bailed me out.

“Relax,” he said. “You’re trying to outmuscle the thing. The welder will do  
105 all the work if you just hold it lightly and go for the ride. The more you fight the damn thing, the more grief it’s gonna give you.”

*Continued*

<sup>3</sup>Nam—the war in Vietnam

<sup>4</sup>Motown—musical style associated with Detroit, Michigan

<sup>5</sup>Andy Devine—Hollywood actor who had a recognizable, high-pitched, raspy voice.

It took some doing, but within two or three days I was an accomplished spot-welder. I found out how to tilt the machine so that the sparks flew out sideways and not straight down on my head. There was something very hale and manly  
110 about husking that mean hunk of hell once you got the hang of it.

Bud had certainly been right. Doubling-up jobs, whenever and wherever possible, made the utmost sense. This arrangement totally destroyed the monotony of waiting for that next cab to arrive. When it was my turn to handle the two jobs, I'd be so busy with my work that I wouldn't have time to agonize  
115 over the crawl of the clock. I patterned myself a brisk routine and the minute hand whirled by.

When it was Bud's turn at the grind, I would hop the line and read paperbacks next to Roy at the workers' picnic bench. It was like being paid to attend the library.

With my job securely covered, I occasionally set out wandering throughout the factory. I was completely overwhelmed by the size of the plant. It was the largest truck-producing facility in the entire world. I could only compare it to some huge, metallic ant farm, doomed and domed-over, a clamorous burg with a tall tin roof.

I walked for miles down the various aisleways and corridors with no idea of where I was headed or where I might end up. One night I might end up in the Tire Bay watchin' the beer bellies wobble as they hustled tire after tire off the conveyor line. The men down there were in constant motion. They looked very depressed. I could recall that look from the visit to my own father's job. Car,  
125 windshield. Truck, radial. Repetition as strangulation.

The next night I might end up on the Final Line checkin' out the finished product as they raced the engines and spanked life into those gleaming, overpriced Suburban and Blazer newborns. Way down at the end of the Final Line you could see the sun setting. I would follow the rays and dip outside the door of this giant  
130 womb to lean against the wall and smoke cigarettes. No one knew who I was. I didn't know them either. That was part of the beauty. There were so many of us shoprats that we were all just part of some faceless herd.

*Ben Hamper*

Contemporary American writer,  
whose assembly line experiences initially  
appeared as a series of newspaper articles



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# *English 33: Part B*

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